

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

New York Democrats Draft Roosevelt—Religion in National Campaign.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
NO BETTER illustration of the personal cruelty of politics could be found than the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt for governor of New York by the Democrats of that state. Those who have seen Mr. Roosevelt in recent years and know of his dogged struggle to recover from his physical disability realize that the requirements of the campaign and the fulfillment of his official duties if he is elected are likely to retard seriously his recovery. The New York Democratic leaders knew this, for Mr. Roosevelt had told Governor Smith of it in seeking to avoid the nomination, but his popularity and high character are such that they insisted on drafting him in order to give strength to their ticket. Smith himself told the convention managers to go ahead and nominate Roosevelt, and then, defending himself against the charge of unfeelingness, said to the reporters:

"There is a story going around that I want you to get right on—to the effect that Roosevelt, as governor, would not have to do the work. Of course, that is on its face an absurdity. The real fact is this: Frank Roosevelt today, mentally, is as good as he ever was in his life. Physically, he's as good as he ever was in his life. His whole trouble is in his lack of muscular control of his lower limbs, owing to the infantile paralysis he caught in an epidemic. But the answer to that is that a governor does not have to be an acrobat. We do not elect him for his ability to do a double-backflip or a handspike."

"Politically, I mean physically, the work of the governorship is brain work. Ninety-five per cent of it is accomplished sitting at a desk. There is no doubt about Frank's ability to do it."

Senator Royal Copeland was renominated without much opposition. His Republican opponent is Alanson B. Houghton, former ambassador to Great Britain. The G. O. P. nominee for governor is Albert Ottinger, now attorney general of the state.

DESPITE the more or less genuine efforts of campaign managers and the earnest protests of liberal-minded gentlemen of both parties, the religious issue is being pushed more and more to the front. Indeed, in many localities it has become the chief issue of the political battle. This is notably true in Texas, where Protestants and Catholics are violently and openly denouncing each other and circulating the ridiculous and fanciful stories that always originate in such religious quarrels. In most other parts of the country this issue is kept somewhat under cover but it is becoming none the less potent. However, it works both ways and so its ultimate effect on the result at the polls is highly problematical. Both Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith have reiterated their pleas for religious tolerance, and they have been ably seconded by the eminent Dr. Henry van Dyke, former moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. Doctor van Dyke asserts that the election of Mr. Hoover, even in part, by anti-Catholic votes, would be a misfortune for him and a calamity for the country, and then he takes a whack at Mabel Willebrandt.

Following his speech at Elizabeth, Tenn., on Saturday, Mr. Hoover will make five addresses before leaving for California to vote. Among his dates are Boston, October 15, and New York, October 22. It was thought he might also speak in Baltimore. Senator Custer, cruising through the Middle West, spoke on the tariff in Chicago and then toured Indiana. Senator Borah continued to attack Smith on the farm relief issue, and the governor retaliated in kind in interviews. Later on Al plans a speaking trip in the East and into the Southern border states.

Aviators Working to Solve Menace of Fog

The latest plan for solving aviation's fog menace, the establishment of a laboratory in the air, calls for two planes and a 50-mile stretch of airway. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, Inc., announces the details.

The location will be a section, 50 to 60 miles long, of one of the main airways of the United States. It will be selected for its fog record and availability to research laboratories interested in aviation, such as the army and navy, industrial organizations and universities. Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, special advisor for the Guggenheim Fund, has been studying available locations.

The flying laboratory is designed to meet more than half way some of the risks involved in making tests of hitherto untried inventions. For example, it will be possible to test two pilots, one braced where he can see no daylight, and the other outside, at a second set of controls. On a clear day the pilot inside can make the experiment of handling his plane by instruments under conditions as blind as the worst fog, while the outside pilot is assurance of safety.

In the laboratories fog has been dispersed by heat, by electrified particles of sand or other substances in the air and by absorption.

Women house painters and decorators are planning a union in Britain as they have become so numerous.

JAMES JOSEPH TUNNEY, better known as "Gene," and Josephine Lauder, heiress, were duly married in a hotel in Rome, and in the process the retired champion heavyweight did not add anything to his popularity. So much public interest attached to the pair that the news photographers were on hand by the score, but Mr. Tunney absolutely refused to permit any pictures to be made, nor would he let any reporters witness the ceremony. Both Ambassador Fletcher and the Italian ministry of the interior requested consideration for the camera men, but Gene was adamant. The civil marriage service was performed by Commendatore Brofferio, representing the governor of Rome, and the religious ceremony was conducted by Mgr. Breslin, vice rector of the American Ecclesiastical college and one time Tunney's parish priest in New York. The bride and groom departed for a honeymoon in the vicinity of Florence.

GERMANY'S new dirigible, the Count Zeppelin, largest airship in the world, completed its test flights last week in preparation for the flight across the Atlantic to the United States, the start of which was scheduled for October 9. The huge ship—it is nearly three city blocks long—made a most successful flight over Holland and England, remaining in the air 35 hours and carrying 70 passengers.

PROGRESS made by naval aviation since the passage of the five-year air expansion bill in 1926 was outlined in a statement made public by Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett, chief of the bureau of aeronautics. Some of the principal accomplishments listed are replacement of obsolete planes with modern equipment, doubling of the facilities for training aviators at Pensacola, use of a greater number of airplanes with the fleet, winning of 15 world's records by service type planes and the improvement of the air-cooled engine.

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY, who conquered the Turks in Palestine in the World war, has come to America to be the guest of honor of the American Legion at its convention in San Antonio. He is accompanied by Lady Allenby. New York gave the famous British soldier a great reception in Carnegie hall. After he had listened to much praise of his military achievements, he said:

"I hope that the move that you here have made for peace—the Kellogg pact—grows into faith which will do away with the miserable myth which we now have of ending disputes by cutting each other's throats. There is no reason why nations should be allowed to behave more brutally to each other than individuals are allowed to behave. I am not a pacifist, for I do believe that to insure our own protection we must trust to ourselves for our own defense. That doesn't mean that if we see a man looking at us we have to shoot him."

FOREIGN MINISTER BRIAND, with the approval of Premier Poincare and the rest of the French cabinet, has set forth France's position concerning the evacuation of the Rhineland and related questions. She is ready to fix ten billions of dollars as the reparations total which Germany must pay as compensation for preliminary evacuation of the Rhineland, if the reich mobilizes the debt. France insists on obtaining \$7,500,000,000, and experts figure the other allies' claims can be compressed into the remaining \$2,500,000,000, in view of Great Britain's pronouncement that it only claims sufficient payments to meet its obligations to the United States.

M. Briand announces that a finance conference is scheduled to meet in Paris early in December, with France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Japan and Germany represented, to draft a plan for fiscal liquidation of war indemnities and debts as a preliminary to withdrawing the allied garrison on the Rhine. Experts believe the debt can be mobilized within six or eight years through international loans in annual sections of \$500,000,000 to \$1,250,000,000.

Representative Fred Britton of Illinois, chairman of the house naval affairs committee, on his return from

Europe predicted that both the land and naval disarmament agreements reached by Great Britain and France would fall through because the United States had refused to be "entrapped" into approving the naval compromise plan. That scheme, he asserted, would have left France supreme ashore and England supreme afloat.

FORMAL notice that the United States will not participate in the selection of a permanent central board to investigate ways and means of controlling the traffic in narcotic drugs has been transmitted to the secretary general of the League of nations.

KING ZOGU's newly crowned head is not being permitted to lie easy in Albania. Dispatches that have leaked across the border say that an uprising started recently in the northern part of the country as the result of the assassination of a mountain chieftain. The killing was attributed to the king and a blood feud against him was declared. The country is in a state of alarm. Eleven persons were executed in one day at Durazzo and 200 others arrested. Zogu, it is stated, is barricaded in the old Presidential palace at Tirana.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, president of the Roosevelt Memorial association, announces that the Roosevelt medals for distinguished service this year are to be presented on October 27 to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Charles Evans Hughes and Dr. Frank M. Chapman, orthodontist. Lindbergh is to be honored for the example he has given American youth; Mr. Hughes for his work in administering public office and in developing public and international law, and Doctor Chapman for studies of American bird life.

PAN AMERICA honored the memory of the late Gen. William C. Gorgas last week on the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth. In the capitals of 21 American republics the avenues and boulevards were gay with flowers and flags, and in Washington there was a great banquet at which the principal guests were diplomatic representatives of these republics. The scientific board of the Gorgas Memorial institute was busy throughout the week arranging for the establishment of the Gorgas Memorial laboratory in Panama for the study of tropical diseases, which was created by congress. The congressional act grants an annuity of \$50,000 for its maintenance, and the other 20 American republics together provide \$37,500 annually. The laboratory will be a lasting monument to the man whose work in disease control brought him honors from many governments and made possible the building of the Panama canal.

FOR two hundred years the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts has gathered annually for a feast at which the members drank in port wine the health of the king of England and, since the Revolution, of the President of the United States. This year the company held its banquet in Toronto, and persuaded Sir Henry Drayton, liquor commissioner, to lift Ontario's liquor restrictions so they could continue their old custom. But Premier Ferguson heard of it and countermanded the order. Said he: "They'll have to drink the king's health in water. I am not allowed to have wine at my banquets." So the Ancient and Honorables drank the toasts in soda water, with many a wry face. And their friends back home had a good laugh.

TWO new air mail routes from Chicago were opened last week. One is to Mexico City by way of Kansas City, Dallas and Laredo. The other is to Montreal via Cleveland and New York city. Service started simultaneously from both ends of the routes and will be daily.

MAE WEST, actress and playwright, seems determined to force stilly plays on New York city. Not long ago she served a short term in prison for the offense, and last week she put on the stage another and dirtier play. Mae and all the members of the cast were arrested twice and Mayor Walker ordered the show permanently closed.

GAVE HER THE SOUL CURE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MILLIE MARVIN sat with her hands folded, staring at Elon's picture on the opposite wall. Her occupation each day since Elon's death two months before was to sit with empty hands staring at his picture, and each day her little, delicate body grew finer and finer like a copper wire which is being drawn out to its last dimension of tenacity. Any day the wire might snap and Millie's soul would go forth to find her husband's.

Now Elon Marvin had been a good man—all the Marvins were steady and good and perfectly dependable—but it was only in his widow's sight that he had been anything but ordinary and stupid. As for his picture, it was like him, the ugly likeness of a man who had had to go on wearing whiskers when other men discarded them just because he looked better with half his face covered up. Elon was not easy to look at. Even his sister, Mrs. Todhunter, could say no more of him than he had "a dreadful good look."

But Elon had been Millie's only husband and she had been very grateful to him for marrying her and making her as happy as she had been. She had become his wife at eighteen when he had rescued her from her position as drudge in the overflowing household of her aunt, Hat Hawkins. To be transported to a home of her own with every comfort in life and some opportunity for having her own way had seemed little short of heaven to poor little Millie and she had never outgrown the surprise and thankfulness. Now with Elon gone she felt that her future life was on no account save as she spent it in adoration of his memory. The fact that he had been twenty years older than she and had suffered terribly from rheumatism toward the last made no difference in her feelings.

As she sat there with her eyes fixed in sad obligation upon his ugly countenance the door opened and a woman looked at her from the threshold—a tall woman in dark blue with a thick suitcase in her hand.

"When you didn't hear the bell," the woman said, "I decided that the only thing left for me was to walk right in."

"Why, Adelaide Draper?" Millie said faintly and uncuriously. Then she began to cry. "Elon's gone—Elon's gone."

"Oh, I know that," Miss Draper set down her suitcase and began to remove her coat and hat. "Lucy Todhunter wrote me. I've come to stay with you a spell, Millie. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Elon's gone," Millie sobbed. Adelaide cast her eyes up and sighed. Then she sat down and waited for something more. Nothing more came.

Millie was so absorbed by her grief that she paid no heed to the guest. As a matter of fact Mrs. Todhunter, Elon's sister, had written to Adelaide a few days before:

"Do come and see if you can do anything with her. I can't do a thing and I'm afraid unless she can be aroused she will go into a decline, maybe lose her mind. You are one of her oldest friends, you know her when she was a little girl, and you may be able to get her out of this dreadful state she is in."

"Well, Millie," Adelaide said after a half hour's silence, "if I get tingling and I'm hungry. It is quite a journey from Wellsport. Will you get supper or shall I?"

"I don't care—I don't care," sighed Millie. Later when Adelaide came in from the kitchen she said: "I don't want a mouthful of anything. Please let me alone."

And Adelaide had to eat unaccompanied the meal she herself had prepared.

Things were little better next day. Millie ate little, said almost nothing and sat staring disconsolately at her beloved's crude countenance. But an hour after the midday meal she became aware of sound overhead. Drawers opened and closed, doors creaked, steps pattered everywhere. Adelaide now! What was she doing upstairs?

"It sounds as if she were in my room," Millie thought. Yes, that was it! Adelaide was in her room. The idea! She arose and went upstairs just in time to meet Adelaide in the upper hall.

Neither spoke, and Millie went into her room. Nothing was disturbed, but still she was sure Adelaide had been there.

Now that she was upstairs she thought she might as well lie down and take a little rest. She had slept so little last night.

She had not lain there long when she heard Adelaide creep upstairs. She did not go into her room but ascended further, to the attic. Millie

lying there could hear her prying and poking for a full hour.

For years Millie's house had been her own, with no hands save hers to disturb certain parts of it, and to have a woman, who, however friendly, had no business to do so, peering into her precious belongings stirred her with resentment.

At supper she asked Adelaide: "What were you doing in the attic this afternoon?"

Adelaide lifted her strong brow. "Attic! Did you think you heard something?"

"I heard you."

"My!" was all Adelaide commented. The following morning Adelaide stole away down cellar. Down cellar now! Glass tinkled as she rummaged in the fruit closet. Millie twisted uncomfortably in her chair and then trotted down cellar, only to find Adelaide coming up innocently with a basket of potatoes.

But that afternoon she was at it again, this time in Millie's room again. Click went a lock, bump went a drawer. This time Millie flew up stairs, and caught sight of the tail of Adelaide's dark skirt as she whisked into her own room.

It was the very next day that Millie, taking a peep through her bureau, missed her pearl brooch. It was gone from the pin cushion where she always pinned it when she took it off. Her heart fluttered as she searched for it. Her pearl brooch that she had had so long, almost her only good ornament! Where could it be? At that moment she made another discovery. Her white silk blouse was gone—and a little bead purse that she suddenly remembered she thought a great deal of. She turned pale with apprehension. Could Adelaide have taken the things? But if not Adelaide then who?

Breathlessly she ran from the room downstairs, calling Adelaide's name. But Adelaide did not answer. Adelaide was gone! She had vanished from the house as if she had never been.

And now Millie was wild indeed. For the first time in two months she forgot her Elon and his demise. She was stirred to the depths by the absconding of her friend. Yes, absconding was the word. Adelaide had rummaged, taken what she wanted and gone! Adelaide, the upright, the loyal! What had come over her? Millie began to ponder, worry, try to find an excuse for her old friend. She wept for Adelaide, and then she remembered that she was hungry. She prepared a good meal and ate it.

Then she did what she had not done in two months; she dressed and started for Mrs. Todhunter's. It was a mile there—a good long walk, but Millie sped along. She had to have counsel from one she could trust.

As she opened Mrs. Todhunter's living room door the first thing she saw was Adelaide sitting quietly there sewing.

"Hello Millie!" she said unconcernedly.

Millie stared.

"Oh, Adelaide! I thought—I feared—"

Mrs. Todhunter was at her side.

"I'm glad to see you, Millie. Adelaide's making me a little visit before she goes home. Take off your things and stay to supper."

Millie stayed. Other guests dropped in and they had a cozy time. Afterward Mrs. Todhunter said:

"It is storming quite a bit, Millie. You better stay here tonight."

That night Adelaide and Millie slept together.

"Adelaide, I think the world of you," Millie said. She was beginning to understand.

But she did not understand fully until she unwrapped the little parcel which Mrs. Todhunter gave her to take home. In it were the blouse, the brooch and the bead purse.

And now Millie knew of a certainty what a great kindness Adelaide, the keen-witted, had done for her.

Charged Against Aviation

The street car stood at the end of the line while the motorman broke in a fresh "chew" and the conductor's thoughts turned to the rawness of the weather.

"Say, Bill, d'you think it's ever gonna get spring?" he finally queried.

"Wa-a-h," said Bill, after expectorating copiously through the vestibule window, "as long as we're gonna have them airplanes up there agiatin' the heavens, we're gonna have busted up seasons, and I for one doubt if we'll ever have spring and summer and fall and winter on time any more."

Bell Ringers

What is said to be the oldest bell-ringing society in existence, the Ancient Society of College Youths, was founded in 1687 and has members throughout the world. Twelve members of this society were recently granted permission to ring on the 12 bells of St. Paul's cathedral (London), a feat of "Stedman Climes"—a method of ringing composed by Fabian Stedman of Cambridge, England, about 1640.

HANDLING IRON ORE



Mechanical Unloaders Removing Ore From Lake Steamer.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

MINING the ore that makes most of America's steel is a vastly different procedure from the burrowing in dark tunnels that is usually associated with mining. Approximately five-sixths of the ore that gives the United States its age of steel comes from the Mesabi range of Minnesota, much of it from the single great Hull Rust mine near Hibbing.

To get some idea of this mine, imagine a great terraced amphitheater cut out of rolling ground, half a mile wide and nearly two miles long. Dump Gatun dam into it and there would still be a yawning chasm unfiled. Put a ten-story office building into the deepest trench and the top of the flagpole would barely reach to the line of the original surface.

Ordinarily one thinks of mining as an occupation for human moles that burrow in the ground and bring out hard ores from cavernous depths. But when nature laid down the Lake Superior ore ranges she made burrowing and blasting unnecessary for the most part. In the Mesabi range—and, by the way, there are as many ways of spelling that word as there are of pronouncing Saloniki—the ore has largely the consistency of sand, and lies so close to the surface that it would be as foolish to burrow instead of digging as it would be to tunnel instead of cutting in building a railroad through a small knoll.

And how they do make hay when the sun shines up on the iron ranges! Panama had its rainy season, but the iron ranges have their snowy season, beginning in December and ending with Easter, when that festival happens to be late enough. They have only eight months in which to meet the vast demand for iron and steel, and that demand has run as high as 68,000,000 tons of ore.

How do they do it? They do it with the most wonderful lot of man-eliminating, time-saving, obstacle-conquering machinery ever put to a thousand-mile purpose. The Hull Rust mine, to begin with the ore in the ground, is a series of terraces, or benches, as the engineers call them, from the banks to the bottom. On each of these Broddingnagian steps there is room enough to maneuver a steam shovel and a railroad train, and up and down the line go the shovels, shifting their positions as they eat into the bank, and loading a big ore train in less time than a child with a toy shovel takes to fill a little red express wagon.

From Mine to Lake.

The ore cars on the iron ranges are of the regulation pressed steel, bottom-dumping, 50-ton coal-car type, and they run in trains a third of a mile long. The railroads from the mines down to Duluth, Superior, and Two Harbors are of the best construction.

The haul from Hibbing to Duluth is 80-odd miles. Just before the trains reach Duluth they come to Proctor, the biggest ore yard in the world. Here they run across a scales unique in the history of the art of weighing. There would be an endless congestion and a consequent shortage in steel were it necessary to stop each car on a scales and weigh it; so a weighing mechanism has been devised which permits the tonnage of cars in motion to be registered. A train slows down as it approaches and passes over the platform at the rate of from five to eight miles an hour, the weight of each car being automatically recorded as it passes.

From Proctor the trains run down to the huge unloading piers at Duluth. These piers are vast platforms built, out over the lake, nearly half a mile long and wide enough to accommodate two tracks, which are at the height of a six-story building above the water. Beneath the tracks, is a series of pockets, holding some two or three hundred tons of ore each. The ore is automatically dumped into these pockets and the train starts back to Hibbing.

Even while the trains are dumping their burden ships are alongside with huge spouts in every hatch and a hatch every 12 feet, with ore flowing down out of the pockets like water out of a funnel, at the rate of some 80 tons a minute, as a rule, and as much as 300 tons as the exception.

Some of them are more than 600 feet long with only 50 feet beam. With officers' quarters and bridge in the bow and crew's quarters and engine room in the stern, and all of the rest of the ship without superstructure of any kind, and with a flat deck with hatches spaced six feet apart, a salt-water sailor might well regard them as uncanny apparitions of the unsalted seas.

Modern Ore Carriers.

These ships, in spite of the fact that they are able to work only eight months and notwithstanding the wonderfully low ton-mile freight rate they offer, are veritable gold mines. With the progress in the art of built freighter construction that a quarter of a century has brought forth, miracles of efficiency have been wrought. Vessels of the largest type are operated today with engines of the same pattern and power as were fitted into ships of one-third their tonnage two decades ago. Indeed, so economical in operation are the big ore carriers of today that they use only a shade more than half an ounce of coal in carrying a ton of freight a mile—a statement so remarkable that one could not believe it except upon the authority of R. D. Williams, editor of the Marine Review. Another authority puts the cost of operating such a ship at between \$200 and \$300 a day.

Even at the latter figure and ten days to the trip, with cargo only one way, the cost of a trip to the owners is only \$3,000, while the receipts may reach \$8,000. But even at a dollar a ton, moving ore a thousand miles in these vessels costs only one-sixth as much per ton-mile as moving it on the railroads.

When the big ore carriers arrive at the lower lake ports—Lorain, Cleveland, Ashtabula, Conneaut, Erie and Buffalo—they hasten up to the ore-handling plants, every hatch open and ready for the unloading. Gravity may load a ship, but it has never yet unloaded one, and so machinery does the work. Instead of the old way of hoisting shovel-filled buckets by horse-power and dumping them into the wheelbarrows of picturesque longshoremen, a method by which it cost 50 cents a ton to get the ore from hold to car or pile, today gigantic unloaders, the most modern of them grabbing up 17 tons at a mouthful, save so much labor that it costs in some cases less than five cents to take a ton of ore out of the hold and put it on the small mountain ore folk call the stock pile, or in empty railroad cars waiting on the track hard by.

Unloading the Vessel.

The Hulett unloader reminds one of a glorified walking beam of the side-wheel steamboat variety, with one of the legs left off. Instead of the other leg connecting with a crank shaft, it has a wonderful set of claws at the lower end, and above them an ankle of startling agility. These great claws open and shut by electricity, and they take up 17 tons with as much ease as you might close your hand on an apple. The operator is stationed inside the leg just above the claws and gets all the sensations of riding a rollercoaster, as he jumps in and out of the ship hour after hour.

When the claws are full, the operator turns a lever; the walking beam seesaws back to the opposite position; the load comes out of the hold and is dumped into a bin. From this bin it flows by gravity into big coal and ore cars to be hauled to the furnaces, or else is delivered to the buckets of the great cantilever bridge, which carry it across to the big stock pile. Once it is off a week, with a regiment of men, to unload a small ship, whereas now half a day and a corporal's guard can unload the biggest ore carrier afloat on its way empty.